

THE DEVIL'S OBSESSION

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SUMMARY: Wars over and the good guys lost. Hermione is his captive. He's obsessed with her, desires her, and he knows she utterly loathes him. He's going to do whatever it takes to get her to want him back, or he'll break her in the doing.

COMPLETE INFORMATION

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Chapter One: The Consequences of Ron Weasley's Anger

Thursday, October 26, 1997

Hermione raised her wand quickly before Harry or Ron were even able to get theirs out of their pockets.

"Protego!" she cried, with a speed neither had seen before. The force from her charm's invisible shield expanded so rapidly between Harry and Ron that they both stumbled backwards from its blast. Once they regained their footing, Harry and Ron glared at each other, each with his fists clenched tightly.

"Leave the Horcrux," Harry said quietly, yet his tone was absolute.

Ron snarled at Harry. If the two had been dogs, then they would have started snapping at each other. Finally, Ron furiously yanked the locket off his neck and forcefully threw it across the room to one of the camping chairs. He turned to Hermione, his face as red as his hair.

"What are you doing?" Ron snapped.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Ron snorted and ran a hand through his hair. Merlin. Smartest witch in their class and she had no clue what he meant. He couldn't believe that he had to spell it out for her.

"Are you staying, or what?" he asked, gesturing fiercely.

"I..." Hermione gripped her wand so tightly that her knuckles turned white, hugging herself as she trembled with the weight of that question. She looked from Ron to Harry, who was staring stony-faced at the other boy, not saying a word.

Hermione turned back to Ron. "Yes. Yes, I'm staying, Ron. We said we'd go with Harry, we said we'd help-" She frantically pointed down to the Horcrux locket that Ron had tossed onto the nearby chair.

"I get it," Ron interrupted. "You choose him." He sneered with a jerk of his head towards Harry the-chosen-one Potter. Breathing heavily, he punched one of the tent supports.

"Perhaps the Horcrux was right," he muttered under his breath, storming out of the tent towards the riverbank.

A memory of the voice of the Horcrux hissed once again in the back of his mind, "Second best, always, eternally overshadowed..."

He heard Hermione calling after him.

“Ron, no! Please, come back. Come back!”

Ron ignored her.

He didn't hear Harry say a single word at all. His best, no, make that his former best mate, couldn't care less about anyone but himself. Some friend, indeed. Yes, something had broken between them. Harry was the reason he was leaving, and Hermione was staying to be with him!

Ron was right to ignore Hermione, the unfaithful witch!

He quickly Disapparated before hearing the full extent of Hermione's sobbing pleas as she struggled to get through the Shield Charm. He didn't want to give her a chance to change his mind.

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After the pop of his Apparition, Ron appeared in another part of the forest where the trees were thicker. The dense leaves gave the surroundings a dark and sinister feel. Looking around, he felt the edge of his anger evaporate like steam off of a cup of tea.

The Horcrux no longer twisted his thoughts.

Oh, Merlin!

Ron suddenly realized he should go back. He was overcome with guilt, berating himself... how could he have left Hermione there? Especially after she had cried and begged him to stay.

He raised his wand to Apparate back, only to have a fleshy hand with grimy yellowed nails grasp him tightly around the wrist. Ron felt a slap on the back of the head as his wand was wrenched out of his grip.

“ ‘ello, what do we ‘ave here? Now who'd be fool enough to walk straight into a gang of Snatchers?”

Gulping, Ron turned to see five ill-kempt wizards surrounding him.

Oh no, thought Ron. He was in trouble. Snatchers were gangs who tried to earn gold by rounding up Muggle-borns and blood traitors. They would drag him to the Ministry the moment they figured out that they had Harry Potter's best friend in their custody. He quickly told them the name of the first person he could think of.

"I'm Stan Shunpike," Ron said shakily. He coughed and made an effort to sound more confident.

"My name is Stan Shunpike," Ron repeated, more convincingly this time.

"What's your blood status?"

"Pureblood," said Ron.

A couple of the Snatchers looked at each other, defeated, until one stepped forward. This one was definitely part troll; the odor rolling off of him nearly made Ron gag.

"That's not Stan Shunpike," the smelly one said gruffly.

"But the kid just said he was!"

"Like 'ell 'e is," said another man. "We know Stan Shunpike, 'e's put a bit of work our way." He snorted. "And 'e ain't no schoolboy."

"Yeah, I remember. Used to drive the Knight Bus, he did. Got a face like a greasy pizza that's nicked all over from shaving."

"You filthy liar," shouted the one holding onto Ron. "We'll be taking you to the Ministry."

"No," said the smelly one. "Look at his hair. A Weasley this one is. Blood traitors. Strong supporters of Potter, the lot of them. To hell with the Ministry. They'll take the credit, and we won't get a look in. I say we take him straight to You-Know-Who."

Overwhelmed with fear, Ron wished more than anything that he hadn't left Hermione and Harry.

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Having been a prisoner in the dungeon of Malfoy Manor for over three hours, Ron blinked as he found himself being thrown into a brightly lit drawing room of wide proportions. The portraits on the dark purple walls watched him curiously as the Snatchers dragged him forwards. A woman across the room rose from an armchair in front of a gilded marble fireplace. She must have been beautiful once, but the crazed look in her eyes destroyed that. Ron recognized her.

When Bellatrix Lestrange spoke, the sound of her voice wound Ron's fear to an even higher pitch.

"Who are you?" she demanded, quite haughtily.

"Merely a humble servant, my lady," said the smelly one.

Bellatrix nodded, walking slowly around Ron and surveying him carefully.

"And who might this be?" she asked softly.

"Claimed his name was Stan Shunpike, he did, but that's a lie. Look at his red hair. We've caught a Weasley boy, my lady. Pureblood, but his family are known supporters and close friends of Harry Potter."

At the mention of Harry Potter, Bellatrix shrieked.

"A friend of Potter?" she backed away, the better to take in Ron. "Are you sure?"

Slowly, Bellatrix smiled cruelly. "Yes, I see the resemblance to the old fat cow that married into your traitorous family. Blood traitor is next to Mudblood in my book."

"Don't you dare talk about my mother like that!" shouted Ron.

Bellatrix's eyes grew wide, and she chuckled in glee like a mad woman. "You are a Weasley. You stupid boy. Now, you're going to tell me how to find Harry Potter."

"Never!" Ron bellowed. "I won't tell you anything!"

Bellatrix raised her wand.

"Where is Harry Potter? ANSWER ME!" Without waiting for a response, she cast the spell. "CRUCIO!"

The pain was so intense, as if flaming daggers were stabbing every inch of his skin simultaneously. After being cursed a couple of times, Ron almost forgot to keep silent. By the sheer force of his willpower, he focused completely on keeping silent to protect his friends, clenching his teeth so hard they felt as if they would shatter. As Ron fisted his hands so tightly that his fingernails cut into his skin, he wished desperately that he had never left Harry and Hermione in the forest after saying those terrible things. The only way to make it up to them now was to keep quiet.

When he finally felt like his head was going to explode from the inside, his screams, louder than any other screams in his life, echoed across the drawing room.

He never noticed the tall figure with white-blond hair across the room cringe each time Bellatrix cast the curse. Nor did Ron see the pale and pointed face that was full of reluctance at seeing the young Weasley tortured... and then full of cruel joy.

Chapter Two: After the Death of Harry Potter

Sunday, May 1, 1998

The battle was going poorly. Understatement. Of. The year.

Things were getting desperate. If she couldn't find a way to destroy the Horcruxes, they would never win.

Hermione's plaited hair was falling out of its braid. Needing something to keep the wisps of bushy strands out of her eyes, she pulled a scarf out of her beaded bag. Having her hair tied back helped her think..

She had to get into the Chamber of Secrets. The basilisk fangs were the only things she knew of, other than the Sword of Gryffindor, that could destroy Hufflepuff's Cup.

If only Harry was here, she thought. The only way to open the door was to speak Parseltongue, and he was the only one, that she knew of, who could speak it. By making a couple of strangled hissing noises, she tried copying the sounds that Harry made when he opened the locket. Hermione knew that she had no talent for mimicry, as her attempts apparently weren't good enough.

Knowing she had to find Harry, she quickly decided to run back upstairs to the chamber's entrance in the second-floor girls' lavatory.

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A chilly breeze blew through the forest.

Which is why Harry nearly jumped when the hand in his pocket brushed against the metal's heat.

His coin with the Protean Charm felt warm in his pocket.

Nagini is dead, its inscription read.

"What... how?"

Harry blinked, and then blinked again. He could scarcely believe what he was reading. His head snapped up, and he looked around the forest.

Neville had done it. So, if Hermione had destroyed the cup, which she would have because she was brilliant, then that meant...

The last Horcrux was destroyed.

Hogwarts castle seemed so far away. How long had he been gone? Had Neville stopped carrying the bodies from the battle to go and kill the snake?

"He must have," Harry whispered to himself.

Still wearing his invisibility cloak, he continued to follow the Death Eater scouts who, ironically, were searching for him.

Harry overheard a few of the scouts grumbling about how frustrated they were by not finding him, and so Harry followed them after they stopped complaining and decided to go back to their encampment.

Finally, thought Harry.

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"S-s-someone is here, mas-s-ster," hissed a reptilian voice. "I can s-s-smell him."

"Who is it, Nagini? Someone wearing the Cloak of Invisibility, perhaps? Harry Potter had one, you know."

"Yes-s-s, mas-s-ster."

What? How?! The snake was supposed to be dead!

It was too late to go back, but he wasn't going to behave like a coward. He was Harry Potter, son of James and Lily Potter. He would fight back proudly, as Dumbledore had taught him, as everyone needed of him.

Harry ripped off the cloak and stepped into the center of the clearing.

Voldemort was already looking at Harry. He smiled, the expression frightening on a man without lips.

"Ah, the boy who lived. Come out, my dear boy, don't be shy."

Several of the Death Eaters snickered, but no one made a move to curse him.

It was as if... no...

Somehow, they had expected him.

Voldemort walked forward, his bare grey feet gliding across the leaves of the forest floor without rustling them.

Harry came forward to meet him. Nothing mattered but the two of them, until Harry heard a voice yelling.

“HARRY! IT’S A TRAP! RUN, HARRY, RUN!”

It was Ron, who had left Hermione and Harry behind when the burden of the Horcrux had been too much for him. Ron, who never came back.

Harry had never been more glad or more terrified to see his best mate.

“Silencio,” snarled one the Death Eaters. Ron continued struggling, though much more quietly this time.

Bellatrix flicked something in the air at him that landed at his feet. Harry, wand still raised, risked looking down.

It was a DA coin, identical to the one in his pocket.

How did they get it?

Harry looked over at Ron, who had stopped struggling. There was a pleading look in Ron’s eyes as the red-headed boy blinked back tears. It was as if Ron was begging Harry for his forgiveness.

The Death Eaters began dragging Ron away. Harry wanted to chase after them, but he knew he had to face the Dark Lord.

“This is it, Riddle. You and me. Neither can live while the other survives.”

“You actually think you, a mere boy, will be the victor between the two of us? I almost pity you. Dumbledore filled your head with fables.”

“I know I will do what it takes to protect my friends. You won’t kill anyone else.”

“Except you,” snickered Bellatrix. Voldemort laughed with her.

"We'll see about that!" yelled Harry.

They both raised their wands at each other at the same time.

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"You," said Voldemort, pointing his wand at Narcissa Malfoy. Each breath through his saurian nostrils seemed to be a struggle. "Tell me whether or not he is-"

"Please, my Lord," Bellatrix interrupted. "Allow me the honor."

Bellatrix was kneeling at the Dark Lord's feet, her wide eyes gleaming with hope and worship. He scowled at her interruption, but then pressed his lips into a thin line and nodded quickly.

"Very well, if you insist."

Harry didn't know what to do. He ached all over. If he started running, he wouldn't make it. If he-

Hands, rough and calloused with cracked nails, scratched Harry's face and then one poked him in the eye. He couldn't help it, he flinched.

"HE LIVES!" screamed Bellatrix, scrambling back in shock.

Harry jumped up. He would have to fight Voldemort now, but he couldn't. He was too weak, and especially with Nagini still alive, Harry would never defeat him. His only hope was the element of surprise, but now that was gone. He would have to kill the snake quickly, and then-

For the briefest instant, Bellatrix lunged back towards him, but now she was backing away with a twisted smile and a dark gleam in her wild eyes.

Harry looked down to see the handle of her dagger sticking out of his chest. His first thought was, Why doesn't that hurt?

He fell to his knees and saw blood seeping out through his shirt. He remembered Ginny and that time she kissed him, the happiest moment in his life.

Then, for the second time that day, he saw Voldemort raise his wand followed by a bright flash of green light, and then everything went dark again.

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Bellatrix yanked Harry into a sitting position this time, his glasses sliding down his nose and off his face. She wiped her dagger off on her skirts and held the somewhat clean blade under his nostrils, but no breath ever came to fog the metal.

“Dispose of the body, permanently,” said the Dark Lord.

“Surely you want to show his blood traitor supporters his dead corpse, my Lord.”

“No, Bella,” said Voldemort. “I’m a wiser man now. He escaped death twice so far. Let’s make sure it doesn’t happen a third time.” He pointed his wand at her. “Do you dare to question my authority?” he hissed.

Pink spots appeared on her cheeks.

“Never, my Lord.”

She aimed her wand at the boy’s body.

“Incendio.” Flames rose at once, blackening his body, and within seconds, all that remained were his bones.

Harry Potter was gone.

Forever.

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Monday, May 2, 1998

Draco’s spell hit Hermione once again. This time, though, her arm was numb from the shoulder down. She dropped her wand and fell backwards.

Come on, Hermione, she thought, shake it off. You need to find Harry. Get your wand. Deal with Malfoy.

She had time. Draco was just standing there, smirking at her. Her wand was between them, but not far. She rolled over to get up, but someone grabbed her from behind by the head.

Merlin, it’s Theodore Nott.

The weedy-looking boy tried to pull her up, but Hermione realized his fingers were merely digging into her scarf. She untied the knot under her chin and ran towards her wand.

It wasn't there.

"Looking for this, Granger?" scoffed Malfoy, twirling her wand. "Did you honestly think I would just stand idly by after I disarmed you?"

He put the wand into his arm holster, along with his own. "I guess now is a good time as any to tell you," he said stoically. "Harry Potter is dead."

"No," breathed Hermione, icy cold horror spreading through her. "You're lying."

"I'm not," said Draco, unfazed. "I know he was your friend. You may not believe me or trust me yet, but I truly am sorry for your loss."

She stood still for a moment, fearful that Draco spoke the truth. Harry can't be... dead. Hermione stared blankly around her, not knowing what to do.

Finally, Draco grabbed her wrist and dragged her over to the shed behind Hagrid's pumpkin patch, throwing her inside. She stumbled and fell painfully on her hands and knees, the shock of hitting the ground breaking her out of her reverie. Hermione quickly scrambled back up in the hopes of facing Draco.

As she began to approach him with fierce determination, Draco smirked and slammed the door in her face. She heard the sound of a lock click.

Hermione hurried to the window beside the door. She saw Draco staring at her with a twisted smile on his face, dangling a large iron key from his index finger.

"Are we putting prisoners in there?"

A couple of Death Eaters had arrived, dragging a struggling redheaded boy. Draco ignored them, twirling the key, but Nott nodded. Both boys smiled when they saw who the Death Eaters held captive.

"Ron!" screamed Hermione.

The blue eyes of the boy she hadn't seen in months flashed when he saw her, full of so many emotions. Joy. Love. Regret. Hope. Relief.

"Hermione!"

Ron jerked his knee forcefully towards the groin one of the Death Eaters holding his arm. The

wizard let go, squealing like a pig. Before the other one had time to react, Ron headbutted him and struck him in the neck. The second wizard let go as well, gasping for breath.

Ron launched himself at Draco, his first punch barely missing the latter's chin. But Ron's second punch made contact as Draco realized too late that the first punch was only a feint. The wind knocked out of him, Draco doubled over and fell to the ground.

Having five older brothers paid off. Ronald Weasley knew how to fight.

As the two boys rolled around on the ground, the other three just watching with cowardly looks on their faces, Hermione noticed that Ron somehow had gotten a hold of the shed's key.

He threw it into a patch of grass near the door. No one else seemed to notice.

"DRACO!"

Even from this distance, Hermione could see the insane, furious look on Bellatrix Lestrange's face as she ran across the castle grounds.

The Death Eaters and Theo Nott scattered.

Ron was sitting on top of Draco, pummeling him, but stopped at the sound of Bellatrix's scream. He made eye contact with Hermione, then flicked his eyes quickly at the key.

Hermione nodded subtly.

Bellatrix arrived and forced Ron off of Draco at wandpoint.

"You filthy blood traitor. How DARE you lay a hand on my nephew!"

Ron closed his eyes.

"Avada Kedavra!"

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Hermione wasn't sure when she stopped screaming, but by the time she did, it had been so long that her raw throat burned.

Finally tearing her gaze away from Ron's discarded body, she let go of the edges of the window and sank down against the wall, sobbing.

Ron was dead. The boy she had loved for years was gone.

Hermione's head snapped up as she remembered.

He died trying to get that key to her. She couldn't let his death be in vain.

Taking deep, calming breaths, Hermione looked around the shed and assessed her options. There weren't many. The shed looked like it was filled with quite a bit of useless junk. Hagrid must have used it for some kind of storage locker.

She saw an old radio and a spool of copper wire, an idea forming.

"It can't be that easy," she whispered.

There, on the workbench covered in tools and unfinished projects, was a spool of twine rope. She grabbed the wire and set that next to the spool. She flipped on the switch of the radio and adjusted the tuner, the sound of static weak enough for her to hear BBC Radio Scotland.

It worked. The battery worked. She opened up the rear compartment of the radio, finding a 9V battery inside.

She looked around again and saw the iron handle of a wooden bucket.

Hermione smiled. She was getting out of here.

She jumped up and down on the bucket until it broke. She took the handle and wrapped the copper wire around it. Carefully attaching the small battery, she tied it all together with the rope.

She held the handle out towards a nail on the workbench. The tiny sliver of metal scooted over and adhered itself to the bucket's handle.

Hermione Granger, muggleborn witch extraordinaire, had successfully made an electromagnet. She silently thanked every muggle science book she had ever read.

Making sure everything was secure, she threw the magnet end out of the window. It landed two feet past the iron key.

Hermione pulled her end of the rope until it reached the key. She heard a clink.

The key was attached to the magnet.

Smiling, Hermione pulled the key closer to the shed, but when she got about halfway to the door... the key stopped moving.

She tried again. The key didn't move.

Hermione pulled everything back inside the shed. It appeared to be intact. She took the battery out and put it back in the radio.

Nothing. Not a sound. Not even static.

The battery died, she realized. Hermione wanted to cry.

Instead, she screamed wordlessly in frustration and threw the useless battery across the room as hard as she could, where it hit a storage shelf.

A box of hippogriff feathers fell over, which flew out of the box and scattered in all directions.

As the cloud of feathers cleared, she saw the most glorious thing on the shelf.

A modern muggle camping lantern. A large camping lantern... and it was heavy. She nearly dropped the silly thing when she snatched it off the shelf.

There was an on/off switch near the handle.

Please, Merlin, please let there be a working battery. Please.

And then there was light.

It worked.

She ripped open the battery compartment, revealing the beautiful 12V battery that was inside.

She could make a larger, stronger electromagnet. She couldn't throw the 12V battery, so she wrapped the wires down the length of the rope and threw just the magnet out the window again.

She was able to reach the key on her second attempt. Hermione successfully dragged it to the window and then, ever so carefully, pulled it up slowly until she was finally able to grab it.

"Muggle science to the rescue!" She jumped for joy.

The iron key fit perfectly into the lock on the inside of the wooden door. She checked the window again.

The coast was clear; it was now or never.

Quietly, she unlocked the door and opened it as slowly as possible. It creaked, but not as loudly as she had feared.

She made a run for it... and ran straight into Draco Malfoy.

He smiled at her. There wasn't a mark or single bruise on his face from his scuffle with Ron.

"I knew you were smart enough to escape. The others didn't, but I knew better. You're the brightest witch I know, and there is no doubt in my mind that you are smarter than all the other Muggles as well."

Hermione stood there, frozen. He had been waiting for her. He probably had seen her attempts with the magnet. She never stood a chance.

His lip curled in disgust. "Come along, my clever little Mudblood," he said, gripping her arm tightly. "Let's put you with the other rebels."

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Later at the makeshift prison, several of the female students were separated from the rest and driven from the encampment. Death Eaters surrounded them, aiming their wands at all of the students' feet and forcing them down a path towards the Forbidden Forest.

"Where are we going?" demanded Hermione, but she was ignored.

They entered a clearing just beyond the boundary of the woods.

"Why are we here?"

"Shut up, filthy Mudblood," sneered a fat Death Eater. He shoved her unceremoniously onto the forest floor with his stubby hands. The rocks and brambles cut into her side, but she knew the scratches were the least of her worries.

Beyond the crowd of Death Eaters, Lord Voldemort sat on a grossly ornate, high-backed throne chair. Bellatrix Lestrange sat at his feet, a worshiping look in her eyes.

"Virginitas Revelio," said Voldemort without preamble, waving his wand at them with a complicated movement.

A warm yellow glow surrounded Hermione. She looked around and saw the same aura around Luna Lovegood, Hannah Abbott, and several of the girls in the younger years.

"Separate the true filth from the others," said Voldemort. "We have no use for those doxies. Have the lesser fighters use them for entertainment if they must, but I want them gone,

disposed of, before the day is done.”

The aura'd girls were taken to the side and then towards the back of the revel. Hermione turned to see Fenrir Greyback pounce on top of Lavender Brown, clawing at her face and neck until her screams ended suddenly.

Then he howled and began to eat her.

§

Luna was still crying, the other girls in the huddled group sniffing. Hermione hugged her friend.

“None of this is real,” the little blonde repeated over and over. “None of this is real...”

“Shh,” soothed Hermione, stroking her hair. “We’re going to be okay.”

Luna stopped her mantra long enough to look up at Hermione, raising one pale eyebrow.

“You’re not as clever as people think, if you believe any of us are going to be okay, Hermione Granger. I would focus on the hope that this is all just a terrible nightmare.”

Hermione ignored that.

“Do you know where we are?” asked Hermione, trying to change the subject.

“Yes, the dungeons at Malfoy Manor. I was a... guest here earlier this year.”

Before Hermione had a chance to question Luna further, there was the sound of a heavy bolt being lifted. The door at the top of the stairs swung open.

A burly man with blank eyes and meaty clubs for hands descended.

“You, Potter’s Mudblood. You’re first.”

Hermione was dragged out of Luna’s arms, the other girls cowering. Luna tried to stop him, but she was no match for the ox of a man. He shoved Luna back down the stairs and locked the door behind them.

They arrived in a dark drawing room, the only light coming from the black flames in the fireplace. It was full of Voldemort’s inner circle, the drunken victors obviously well into their cups.

“My Lord,” said the burly man, “I brought Potter’s Mudblood first, as you instructed.”

The boisterous hall suddenly became silent.

“Ah, yes. Hermione Granger, how wonderful for you to join us. Please, have a seat.” His red serpentine eyes bore into hers with cruel intentions.

She was dragged forward and shoved into a chair that someone provided.

The room exploded. Nearly all of the Death Eaters began laying claim to her. For what purpose, she didn't know.

She didn't want to know.

Hermione heard a mad, cackling laugh directly behind her, taunting her situation.

She recognized that voice.

Bellatrix Lestrange, Ron's murderer.

When Bellatrix walked around the chair to face Hermione and continue with her cruel jabs, Hermione spat in her face. As Bellatrix shrieked, Hermione took advantage of the surprise to stand and slap her across the face.

The burly man grabbed Hermione and slammed her back down in the chair.

Bellatrix took her knife and held the tip to Hermione's throat. “Give her to me, my Lord! I cannot entertain the thought of this creature meeting any fate other than torture and death at my hands!”

Voldemort looked amused. Hermione knew her end had come.

“STOP!” The voice came from behind one of the Death Eater masks. “This Mudblood is mine.”

Chapter Three: The Unveiling of Draco Malfoy's Obsession

Draco took off his mask and pulled Hermione's elbow behind her back, jerking her around painfully to face him.

“Lo, Granger,” he drawled lazily. He turned to the Dark Lord. “My Lord, I believe that you promised me whatever I desire, within reason and with your blessing, as a reward for my services. Have I earned my prize?”

“I take it that Potter's Mudblood is your choice?”

Draco nodded.

“Very well, then. I’ve heard that she is brilliant, and it seems that she isn’t unpleasant to look at-”

“No, my Lord,” screeched Bellatrix, “with her filthy blood, she is hideous!”

“Silence, Bella, before you start to bore me. I did not ask for your opinion.”

Bellatrix whimpered and hung her head.

“Take her, young Malfoy. Make sure she is better behaved the next time I lay eyes on her.”

Draco nodded and bowed, then turned to Hermione.

“Let’s go, Granger.”

Hermione didn’t have a chance to respond before Draco Apparated them away.

§

They arrived in a dark room. Draco released her arm and did a nonverbal wandless Lumos spell. The room was temporarily lit with a dull green light. Before the light died down, he aimed his wand at several sconces and muttered “Accendio Hyacintho” at each.

Hermione couldn’t believe what she was seeing. They were in... well, what was obviously Draco Malfoy’s bedroom, judging by the pictures of his parents and fellow Slytherins on the walls. He had an ornate four poster bed with curtains and large windows with a doorway that went out onto a balcony. From what she could see of the view, it overlooked a beautiful garden with white peacocks strutting about.

Off to the side stood a massive wooden desk against which rested a Quidditch broom. Behind her was a sitting area with an alcove that housed a small library. She gave in to the immediate compulsion to read the titles of the books, noting that he had an interesting collection.

Hermione shook her head.

Under normal circumstances, it would seem like an elegant room. Cheerful even. But these were hardly normal circumstances. In fact, everything in the past twenty-four hours had made this the worst day in Hermione’s life.

She turned back to look at Draco.

The bastard was smirking again! This sparked her rage.

"WHAT IS YOUR FUCKING PROBLEM, MALFOY? WHY AM I HERE?!"

"Granger, if you keep yelling like a fishwife, then I'm just going to cast a Silencio... or worse, an Imperius. You don't want that, do you?"

"You wouldn't dare, ferret," she spat. "You can't keep me here."

Draco was seething. The annoying bint had done it again, actually presuming to tell him what to do!

"You could at least pretend to be grateful," he snapped. "I saved you from my aunt, after all. She was going to kill you."

He grabbed her by the chin.

"You're the worst sort of Gryffindor. Arrogant and foolhardy, always raising her hand to give an answer before the professor had even finished asking the question," Draco sneered. "But even worse, you're the worst sort of Mudblood, always trying to fit into proper Wizarding society and never accepting your position or blood status. Only the right sort should have access to the knowledge you kept trying to master. If you had any manners, you would wait for a sponsorship to rise above your station. You don't know your place, you filthy little Mudblood."

He shoved her aside and reached into his sleeve. Hermione saw her vine wood wand in his hand.

Before she realized what he was doing, Draco held up Hermione's wand and snapped it in half. Immediately, she felt the loss of her most prized possession and cried out in anguish. Then, she watched in disbelief as he threw the two pieces of vine wood casually over his shoulder.

"Why did you... What have you done?" she wailed, her hand extended out behind him as if to pick up her broken wand.

She stopped when she noticed that he had began walking slowly, stalking towards her with a predatory look in his eye.

She attempted to dart past him.

He crossed the room quickly with the speed of a seeker, grabbing her by the arms just beneath her shoulders with a bruising grip and hauling her upwards against the wall. He forced his lips on her pale pink mouth, her shout of outrage swallowed up by his kiss.

Hermione struggled, her hands pushing against his chest in an attempt to get him off of her. He bit her lip and brushed his tongue over the inside of her lip, tasting her sweetness. She knew that he was demanding entrance to her mouth, but she was determined to stop him.

He inhaled deeply into the hair that fell in waves down the front of her face. He then caught a whiff of her scent, clean and simple, underneath the smell of battle. Natural, unscented soap and... Was that a hint of spearmint on her breath? She was struggling, but he held her in an iron grip. Merlin, he thought, she smells so good. Then, Draco ground himself between her legs. The initial friction felt so wonderful that he almost came right then and there.

“Merlin, I’ve spent too many years imagining what you tasted like.”

She gasped, opening her mouth slightly. Hermione could feel him smirking as he slide his tongue into her mouth. She tried again to push him away, and her curled fists beat into his chest like tiny birds. He closed his eyes and imagined her nails digging into his back as he thrust between her thighs.

Finally, he groaned in frustration and pulled away. Her eyes were glazed, her lips deliciously swollen, the only thing holding her up being the wall behind her.

She blinked several times and shook her head. She pulled out a hand to slap him, but he grabbed her by the wrist and squeezed so hard that she cried out in pain.

“Never raise your hand to me again. This is your one and only warning,” he said, with such a terrifying look in his dark grey eyes that she nodded back dutifully.

Draco smiled and stroked her cheek, almost lovingly.

“Why are you doing this?” she whispered.

“Sometime last year, I finally came to terms with the fact that you were the most beautiful girl in our class.” He lifted her chin up to look at him. “Everyone, even I, knew that you were the brightest, but I couldn’t see anything other than your dirty blood until recently. You can say I’ve seen the error of my ways, and so I’ve decided that you’re mine.”

Hermione’s face flushed in outrage. “You’ve seen the error of your ways? You decide that I’m what? Pretty? And then that means I... I’m... yours? Merlin’s pants, Malfoy. How could you... Ugh! Get this through your thick skull, I don’t belong to anyone!”

He leaned back, smirking and crossing his arms over his chest. “Yes, you do.”

Her eyes widened and her jaw fell, then she crinkled her nose. Narrowing her eyes and poking him with her index finger, she snapped at him, “No, I don’t. Whatever you’re planning isn’t going to work. Just send me back to those monsters. I’d rather die with dignity than stay here and

do... whatever it is you think we are going to do!"

Draco looked furious. He grabbed her by the neck and forced her to stand on her toes.

"Understand this, my dear. No other man or beast will ever touch you. If anyone tries, I will kill them. If you try to step out on me, then I will end them as well as their friends and families while you watch. Have I made myself clear?"

He released her, then threw his head back and laughed. Hermione began coughing and felt tears welling in her eyes.

"Take a look around you, Hermione," he said, rolling out her given name. "You're in my bedroom. You're in a house surrounded by the Dark Lord's supporters. Potter is dead. The Dark Lord is in control. Your side has lost. You don't have a wand."

He brushed his thumb against the bruise forming underneath her jaw.

"I have wanted you for so long, and I am done waiting. A Malfoy always gets what he wants. I asked the Dark Lord for permission to keep a prisoner as my placée, and he thought the idea of reinstituting the system of plaçage was an excellent one. I deserve you. Now I have you, and I assure you, Hermione. You. Are. Mine."

"What is a...?"

He began walking towards the door, then called out over his shoulder, "I'll see you later this evening, and then we'll have dinner together. We'll discuss what I expect from you as my consort." Draco smirked at her from the doorway, then the click of the lock echoed back hauntingly.

Hermione felt her knees buckle. She slide down the wall gracelessly and hugged herself as she began to cry.

§

Draco didn't come back before Hermione lost her ability to stay awake any longer. She woke to the feel of her hair being brushed back gently from her face. There was a fleeting moment when she forgot everything terrible that had happened. Within seconds of realizing where she was, Hermione jumped up and backed away from her white-blonde nemesis.

"Why did you fall asleep on the floor, love?" asked Draco, chuckling as she stumbled away from him half-awake.

"Don't call me that," snapped Hermione.

Draco shrugged with one shoulder and said, "I will do as I please." He pulled out a chair from a table that she was sure hadn't been there before. He gave her a very aristocratic-looking bow from his neck. "Come, eat." His tone was soft, but uncompromising.

It was at that moment that Hermione's stomach chose to growl hungrily. She squirmed to try and stop the rumbling, but Draco had obviously already heard it. He sat down, leaving her chair pushed out, and began to eat his meal. Finally after a few minutes, he set down his fork and knife.

"I'm growing impatient, Hermione." He had that same angry look as before, his grey eyes darkening menacingly. "While I might admire your persistence, my love, it is starting to get insulting."

"I'm not eating with you, Draco. And I am most certainly not your love!"

To her surprise, his dark expression faded as he chuckled at the use of his given name. "Alright, I am a gentleman. I'll give you a choice. Either you come over here, take your seat and share a meal with me like a lady using her very best manners, or I'll make you." When she didn't say anything, he wiped his mouth delicately with his napkin, stood, and raised his wand at her.

"Imper-"

"I'm coming!" Hermione raced across the room, terrified of what else Draco might make her do under the Imperius Curse.

Dinner was an elegant spread of some type of grilled white fish and steamed vegetables. Hermione made no move to eat any of it. She didn't see the telltale mother of pearl sheen of Amortentia on the food or drink, but it didn't hurt to be cautious.

"Eat," commanded Draco. "It isn't poisoned."

Hermione quickly picked up her fork and began eating. Dinner was a tense affair, but Draco chatted amicably while Hermione picked at her food.

"Good girl," Draco said condescendingly. "I think I'll reward you for that. I know how much you love learning new things, so I'm going to tell you all about this." He pulled a small potion vial out of his pocket. "Do you recognize what I have here?"

He held a tiny brown bottle with a cloudy pink substance inside. There was no label, but she could tell it contained velvet beans from the fuzzy hairs inside.

"Some kind of itching tonic?" she thought aloud. "Though what you would want that for I have no

idea.” She reached for the potion, but he laughed, snatched it away, and put it back in his pocket.

“Rigby,” Draco said, snapping his fingers. He was apparently done talking to her about the potion, not that she had learned anything about it.

With a crack like a whip, an adolescent house-elf appeared, wearing what looked like an old table runner as a loincloth.

“Rigby is here, Master Malfoy.”

“Take Miss Granger and help her to bathe. I want her clean. Make sure to get rid of that smell. You can let her pick one of the aromatic oils.”

“Excuse me?” gasped Hermione.

“Master Malfoy wishes miss to take a bath. Rigby is to help miss,” said the young house-elf.

“No, Rigby. I wasn’t asking you.” Hermione glared at Draco. “I was-”

The tiny creature’s bulging green eyes burst into tears noisily. He began banging his head on a table leg, shouting, “Bad Rigby! Bad Rigby!”

“Rigby, stop!” shouted Hermione. Draco was examining his nails and paying no attention to the poor elf. “Please don’t do that again.”

“Miss wishes to take a bath now?” choked the elf with a hopeful look in his eyes.

“I’m only trying to be helpful. You still have the stench of battle hovering over you,” drawled Draco.

The battle...

Hermione once again remembered everything... no... everyone she had lost. She began crying. The little elf grabbed her by the hand and Apparated them directly into Draco’s bathroom.

“Miss is to come now. Cleanliness is always next to happiness.”

The bathroom was an ornate affair. There was a magnificent fireplace covered in candles, a four head walk-in shower with stained glass panes, and... of course... a chandelier; however, the focal point of the room was the bathtub.

It was large enough to be a small swimming pool.

Rigby showed her a lavender and vanilla scented mixture that he promised would help her relax. Then he left with a pop. She really did try to relax, she did. Hermione soaked in the bathtub for over an hour. However, no calming scents could stop her from remembering that she was naked in Draco's tub at Malfoy Manor. And that he had something nefarious planned with... an itching potion?

Forced to leave the sanctuary of the tub with the realization that she wasn't doing anything to escape, Hermione found a luxurious white bathrobe on a stool next to the tub. When she put it on, she noticed her name monogrammed on the pocket.

Has he been planning on getting ahold of me for a while? she wondered.

She tried to put the scary thoughts out of her head as she peeked into the bedroom.

He wasn't there.

Thank Merlin!

First, she tried the door. Locked, as she suspected. She tried a wandless Alohomora and then a Portaberto. Neither worked.

She raised her arms and concentrated even harder, the palms of her hands facing the door.

"CONFRINGO!"

That didn't work either.

"Thestralshit," cursed Hermione.

She either needed more practice or wasn't strong enough to cast the spells wandlessly.

Realizing the futility of continuing, Hermione began crying again. She looked at the bed longingly, but didn't want to go near it. With a feeling of déjà vu, she sank down on the floor again and fell asleep.

§

Hermione woke to feeling of someone plaiting her hair gently. Her dry hair. She had a pillow underneath her head and a blanket tucked around her body. The rug had been spelled with a cushioning charm that made it almost as comfortable as any bed.

"Ah, you're awake," said Draco kindly. "I hope you don't mind. I was just trying to pull your hair back so it wouldn't get tangled while you slept. I dried it so you wouldn't catch a cold, and realized if I didn't pull it back you might wake up to your usual bird's nest."

"Why are you being so nice?" she asked suspiciously after a moment.

"I thought it might help you to agree to take the potion willingly," he said, pulling the vial from his pocket and uncorking it. Twin curlicues of smoke wafted out of the bottle's tiny opening. "Speaking of which, you're going to need to drink this now."

A shudder consumed her whole body and she began stumbling backwards on all fours, desperate to get away from him. He allowed it, pocketing the vial carefully and walking slowly towards her. She jumped up and ran around him to the door, yanking on the handle and then pounding on it.

"Help! Help! HELP ME, PLEASE!"

Draco crossed his arms and waited for her to calm down. It took a ridiculous amount of time before she was too hoarse to continue screaming. He took off his robe and levitated his wand to a high shelf, far out of her reach. She was now overcome by a coughing fit as she weakly beat her tiny fists against the door. He removed the cufflinks on his sleeves, then sighed.

"Hermione, what did I tell you earlier? You're in my house and surrounded by Death Eaters." He walked up behind her and ran a hand slowly down her spine. "No one here is going to help you. Accept your fate." He turned her around, grabbing her hand and placing it on his tented trousers.

She froze. "Oh, God. Draco, please. Please, don't do this. Please," she whimpered. Then she began to sob.

He leaned over her, understanding dawning in his eyes. "Oh, Merlin, I forgot that you would be frightened. The Gryffindor Mudblood princess is a virgin." He moved even closer to whisper in her ear, "Tell me, Granger, is it true what they say about virgins? Can you touch a unicorn? It's been so long that I've forgotten."

Her eyes were closed tightly, and she managed a stiff jerk of her head.

"Well, you should consider yourself extremely lucky that you aren't nearly as filthy as they thought. Being untouched saved your life." He began nuzzling her ear, his tongue darting out and tracing the pink shell's outline. She trembled and made a pitifully frightened little moan. "It also left you to be mine and only mine, since the potion works so much better on the chaste. Everything is going to be perfect, you'll see. Soon, you will be just as filthy as you were always meant to be."

Her eyes flew open. "Malfoy, you're a good wizard, I know you are. Let me go, and I won't tell anyone. I promise."

He sat up and glared at her. Then, very slowly, he began rolling up the left sleeve of his shirt. The Dark Mark slithered on his skin.

"That doesn't have to mean..." she whispered through the tears, looking away.

Draco jerked her elbow behind her back painfully, forcing her to meet his dark gaze.

"Don't EVER call me a good wizard again, you tragically disgusting Mudblood," he hissed. "You should be overjoyed that I have an interest in you." With his free hand, he took out the uncorked vial from his pocket. "To everyone else, you are nothing more than a dirty whore, but they're wrong. You are my whore. Well, no longer a whore, really, now that we're married." Her eyes widened and she grabbed at his wrists, but to no avail. He was too strong.

"Married? What in Merlin's name are you talking about? WE ARE NOT GETTING MARRIED!"

"Did I stutter? We are already married. The Dark Lord gave you to me last night as my placée. Accept. That."

"I still don't know what that means."

"We are married de la main gauche. I can't believe you are so ignorant on wizarding customs. It's the equivalent of a Muggle common-law marriage. As a Mudblood, you are barely even human and cannot be called my wife. Instead, you are my placée. You should be more appreciative. You should be kissing the ground I walk on in gratitude because this status will afford you some rights in our new world. Plus, any half-blooded children we have will be considered legitimate. They won't be purebloods, but I'm sure we can breed out any remaining filth in another generation or two."

He released her elbow and opened her mouth with the other hand. Hermione tried to bite him, succeeding in breaking the skin of his fingers as he poured the potion down her throat. She tried to spit it out, but he clamped both hands over her mouth.

She finally swallowed.

Chuckling, he leaned over and rubbed the blood from his fingers across the inside of her lips. "Thank you for that. Blood spells with dark magic are tricky, but I knew I could get you to draw my blood. You've made the potion even more potent. I guess you must want this even more than I do."

Panic consumed her. Merlin, a blood spell? What else is he planning? She bucked against him

furiously until she felt the evidence of his erection, then froze. He smiled as he ground himself against her unmoving body, the pleasure of the friction promising him delights that he would soon enjoy. "Ahhh," he moaned, licking his lips.

She stilled, but managed not to swallow again. She would not fall prey to any dark blood magic. She tried to spit, but his hand was clamped too tightly over her mouth.

"Shhh," he said, and began stroking down her throat, almost lovingly. "Swallow, my love. You will swallow, Hermione."

She blinked in shock at the use of her name and then swallowed.

"That's a good girl." He stroked her throat gently a few more times so that she swallowed again, and then he got up off of her.

She curled herself into a fetal position, as if that would somehow protect her. She wailed loudly and hopelessly, knowing that soon the potion would take control. After a moment, her tears subsided and her breathing fell back to normal.

Then she began squirming, kicking aimlessly and holding her head between her hands. She started panting and then moaned, "No, no, no, no." Holding her head in her hands, Hermione staggered to her feet and looked at him, wild-eyed. She ran towards the door again.

"Enough of this. Accio Granger," he commanded.

Hermione flew towards him, and Draco shoved her down to the ground. She twisted around, trying to get up on her knees, but he pounced. He straddled her waist, forcing her back down again. She kicked and struck out against him, but he barely noticed. "Stop fighting, Mudblood. It only will serve to piss me off, and then I might be forced to take you hard."

Hermione froze and closed her eyes, bracing herself for the inevitable, but the weight on her chest was gone. Breathing heavily, she looked up. Draco now sat across the room on the edge of his bed, shirtless. She couldn't deny how handsome he looked. He was lean as Harry had been, but built. His distracting chest tapered into a narrow, solid waist, and the V of his hips dove into black trousers.

Where are these thoughts coming from? she wondered frantically. Is the potion already affecting me?

He absently removed one of his dragonhide boots and looked up expectantly. Part of her hoped that the outrage would return. She started breathing harder. It is getting so hot in here, she thought.

Her only choice was to reason her way out of this. If she lost her cool, then she would simply

anger him again. Merlin knows what he will do then.

"Draco," she said softly, "What were you thinking? Do you expect forcing yourself will endear you to me? You can't make me love you."

He leaned back on the bed on one elbow, then speaking very slowly as if to a foolish child, he responded cynically, "Making you love me is least of the things I can make you do. You have no idea how easy it will be, even for a brilliant witch like yourself. You will eventually love me as much as I love you."

"You don't lo-"

"Don't interrupt." He leaned forward, resting his forearms on his knees. "How are you feeling at this moment? Would I have to force you? You're trembling and flushed. I'll bet you're wet as can be right now. The potion can't create lust, Hermione. If you are feeling anything in the slightest, then you were already physically attracted to me."

Malfoy really needs to put his shirt back on.

"This isn't right."

He laughed. "Really?"

"Who I find attractive doesn't count. There are so many more important attributes than looks, and those qualities will always override any shallow physical desires."

"Obviously, you're more superficial than you realize."

Her decision to keep a cool head shattered, and she blurted out the only response that came to mind. "I hate you."

Draco smiled at her indulgently. "This anger you are feeling will fade. However, your need for me will not."

He stood, reached down and grabbed her by the waist, then threw her on the bed. He removed his other boot and climbed over her, trapping her under him once again.

"We're done fighting now," he informed her.

He reached down between them, undid the buttons and zipper on her jeans, and took hold of her sex. Massaging in agonizingly slow circles through her knickers, she became soaked straight through.

With a whimper, she realized she wasn't fighting back and didn't want to either.

Oh Merlin, this can't be happening. Hermione closed her eyes and tried to think of anything other than what the blonde was doing and her body's response.

When he realized she was trying not to come, he pushed the elastic down and slid his nimble fingers between her lips from back to front. He felt the full extent of her wetness dripping into his palm and raised an eyebrow at her.

"You're absolutely dripping wet, Hermione." He inhaled the scent of her arousal. "You have no idea what that does to me."

Her hips ground back on his fingers of their own accord, and he smiled at his triumph. She was struggling in a new way now, riding his fingers with abandon, trying to get more friction.

"Please..." she gasped, overwhelmed and desperate.

"Yes?" he said, still stroking her clit idly and occasionally dipping his fingers down to her entrance. He had distracted her enough to peel off the rest of her clothing.

"Malfoy, please..." she groaned.

"Please what?"

"Touch me."

"I am touching you."

He stroked her lazily until she was begging for more. Begging. The potion had done its job. He won.

He stopped. She nearly wailed, teetering on the edge of an orgasm.

"If you say you don't want me, then I'll leave. As simple as that."

He took her small hand in his and ran it down the length of his chest, then held it flat against the skin directly above the waistband of his pants. He began nipping lightly up her neck.

She wound her arms around his chest and kissed his neck, working her way to his mouth. The fabric of his clothes brushed against her skin and she pressed herself against it. Her hips were seeking friction on him. She felt strikingly bare since his lower half was still fully clothed.

He hooked a leg under her knee and rolled them over, flipping their positions. She now straddled him.

"If you want my cock, then you'll have to say it."

Hermione tried to rub against him, but he held her firmly by the hips.

"No more teasing. SAY IT. Tell me what you want, and I'll let you take it."

"I donnuhh... I donn... ah... I... oh, Merlin!"

She was visibly trembling. Draco was actually quite impressed by her resistance. He could see the moment she gave into her lust by the drooping of her shoulders, followed by the licking of her lips.

"I want you," she whispered. The smile he gave her was predatory.

"Tell me exactly what you want."

Her face reddened in embarrassment, then she closed her eyes before replying.

"I want your cock... um... inside me." She blinked and looked down. "I just don't know how to do that."

Draco's expression softened. He caressed her cheek somewhat fondly.

"I'll guide you and give you exactly what you want even though you don't know what that is yet," he promised.

In one swift movement, Draco tore off his pants from underneath her, grabbed her hips and plunged up into her entrance. He lowered her down slowly at first and then went past her barrier with a fierce thrust. She cried out, and he carefully sat up, rubbing soothing circles on her back until he felt her relax.

A glow emanated around her body. It seemed to suck Draco's aura towards her from where they were connected before fading away. Had her eyes not been so tightly clenched shut, she might have noticed it.

Draco noticed it, however. He smirked triumphantly and hugged her tightly. She was his now, and nothing could break the power of the dark magic potion and end her dependence on him.

He reclined on the bed again and helped her to move, his hips plunging up into her slowly at first. She caught on quickly. Her moans of pleasure echoed down the hallway of Malfoy Manor throughout the night and well into the morning.

Chapter Notes:

1. The incantation for Bluebell Flames is unknown, so I made up my own.
2. I learned about *plaçage* during a ghost tour of the New Orleans's French Quarter. It was a system in the French colonies of North America by which white males entered into the equivalent of common-law marriages with women of color, who were not legally recognized as wives but were known as *placées*. Their relationships were recognized as *mariages de la main gauche* (left-handed marriages), and any children considered legitimate.

Chapter Four: Exhausting Hermione Granger's Willpower

Elphias Doge, in *Practical Potioneer*, contributes the following:

Tentiginis Tonic is the most powerful lust potion in existence. It doesn't create false love like Amortentia; in fact, it actually doesn't alter emotions at all. The victim under effect of the potion will experience increased libidinousness and decreased impulse control.

Wizards have brewed Tentiginis Tonic for centuries to treat erectile dysfunction. Its appearance is pale pink and cloudy, with a static electric sheen when held up to moonlight. Vapors will rise out of a vial in a unique double helix spiral. The ingredients are similar to that of Amortentia with the exception of velvet beans as a replacement for gardenia petals.

The velvet beans are a controversial ingredient, making Tentiginis Tonic even more morally questionable than Amortentia.

Muggle science shows that velvet bean extract contains L-Dopa, which is the immediate precursor of Dopamine. Dopamine is a neurotransmitter that promotes enjoyment and interest in life. A wide variety of Muggle addictive drugs increase dopamine neuronal activity, but wizards caught on to this centuries before Muggles even had a clue.

It is common knowledge amongst herbologists and potioners that, shortly after Hogwarts was founded, a herbology professor grew velvet beans near the venomous tentacula section of the greenhouse. This particular wizard had hoped to calm the dangerous plants down to more manageable levels using the velvet beans, or at least keep the venomous tentacula from strangling unsuspecting students.

While the velvet beans did indeed have a calming effect, they began to wreak their own havoc among the students. Several duels broke out between young wizards fighting over pretty young witches. For suddenly, the teenage boys showed more interest in the girls than usual.

The girls, unfortunately, returned that same interest to the boys fighting over them.

In one duel, a young wizard threw out a rather effective spell that slashed the other boy's hand.

When the boy raised his wand to retaliate, he flung three drops of his blood across the courtyard. The blood landed in the mouth of a witch cheering amongst the onlookers.

Over the course of the week, the young witch began to look at the boy with interest. Each time she stared at him, she felt a wave of pleasure. Each time they were apart, she felt empty and withdrawn. When she saw him, everything seemed whole, the world whimsical and perfect. He was all she needed, all she could ever want. He was perfect.

Her addiction was such that she cared for nothing else. Everything she once held dear fell by the wayside: her interests, her friends, her studies. She would do anything to procure a moment in his presence. She became someone else.

Her friends noticed this change and dragged her to the Hospital Wing.

Unfortunately, an addiction cannot be cured with the wave of a magic wand, even in the wizarding world. As this was a time when chivalry reigned, the young wizard offered to marry the witch. He appreciated her devotion to him, even if her love was the manifestation of a potion's enslavement.

However, the dangers of using blood magic with Tentiginis Tonic had been noted. Strong warnings were given and laws were enacted, specifying the proper use of Tentiginis Tonic, and the wizarding world soon forgot the reason for the restrictions.

Except, the Malfoys knew. It was one of their family secrets. One of their medieval ancestors, Nicholas Malfoy, was the young wizard who had inadvertently used blood magic on his future bride.

And he had kept a diary.

A diary that Draco Malfoy found in the manor's vast library. He found what he read in the diary very useful indeed. It taught him how to attain the one thing he once thought he could never have: he could finally force her to love him.

§

Monday, May 16, 1998

Hermione hated Draco. The hatred burned her heart. What made it even worse was that pain came from all sides. She grieved for Harry. She couldn't stop hearing Lavender's screams. And Merlin, she missed Ron, so much that she couldn't believe he was gone.

She prayed that Ron's spirit didn't still roam this world. She couldn't bear the thought of his

ghost knowing what she had been reduced to doing... or finding out her shameful desires.

Every day, Hermione told herself it would be the last. Every night, as she fell asleep in his bed, she told herself that tomorrow she'd fight back, run away, or go find her parents in Australia. It didn't matter where she went, as long as it wasn't here. She needed to get away from Malfoy Manor—away from him—before this sick, twisted perversion in his mind continued for even one more second.

Then he would touch her, and her convictions would shatter yet again, disappearing like charmed feathers in the wind.

And that shattering was happening sooner and sooner each time.

She was so afraid. Hermione knew that she was losing herself and who she was as an individual. But, even that fear, which had caused her to vomit in the beginning, was fading as well.

Hermione tried desperately to hold on to the fact that Ron loved, truly loved, her. Every time Draco touched her, that fact became slightly more blurry.

And she began to feel slightly more content.

§

Friday, May 20, 1998

"How well will it work?" Draco asked the goblin.

"I assure you, sir, goblin-made jewelry is the best choice you could make. Dwarves from the Hidden Mines unearthed these emeralds, and their magic is strong. You won't find another gem woven with such power of loyalty and successful love; however, should you wish for more powerful enchantments, I can recommend a wizard adept in such charms."

"Yes," Draco said, "do that. I want only the best."

The goblin gave him two names. Draco chose the wizard from Knockturn Alley. He had no need for the typical love charms. His bride was a strong witch, and more questionable magic might be necessary, even though Draco knew Hermione's addiction was finally taking hold. He almost respected the willpower that had helped her to hold on so far.

Almost.

Her continued struggles had finally become rather half-hearted, yet he wasn't going to underestimate her. His Aunt Bella might think that Mudbloods had inferior magic, but Draco knew better.

Hermione was a powerful witch. She was more adept at magic than he was. He could easily overpower her, but he still needed to seduce her.

Draco had started by not calling Hermione a Mudblood while in her presence. The illusion of that respect actually began unexpectedly.

He had hired a well-known stylist to fix Hermione's repulsive mess of bushy curls. The witch arrived at the manor, flirting outrageously with Draco, but he was repulsed by her too-tight dress and heavy makeup.

The half-blooded tart wasn't a natural beauty like his Hermione.

Still, the crass woman was well-known in the wizarding world for her beauty makeovers. She had a reputation for taking inbred pureblood daughters and turning them into elegant beauties.

He led her into his private rooms. With a startled look, Hermione stood and moved over to the vanity. The stylist took her place behind his prized possession.

"Do all Mudbloods have hair this awful?" she asked, sneering into the mirror at Hermione's reflection.

Draco backhanded the vulgar witch hard enough to knock her off her stiletto heels and send her sprawling across the floor.

"Mind your language in my home and never speak to her that way again. She is my placée and will be treated with respect and as a member of this household. If you cough wrong or pull one hair on her head too hard, I'll kill you."

The rest of the appointment proceeded without further need for disciplinary action on his part.

"I apologize for that display of uncouth behavior," said Draco after the stylist left.

Hermione didn't know if he was referring to the woman's insult or his own violent actions.

"Finding good help is difficult right now. People fear going outside now that the Dark Lord has assumed power, so we didn't have much choice. Regardless, your hair looks divine. You look like a princess, my love."

"Don't call me that," said Hermione quietly. Draco knew it was more of a habit than an actual protest on her part.

"I shall call you by what you are, and I think from now on I will call you beautiful."

"Why on earth would you do that?"

Draco pulled her up to make Hermione face herself in the mirror. Her hair fell down in softly curled ringlets on her shoulders. "Because you are," he said simply.

Hermione shook her head, and in the process angered Draco. Did this Mudblood not recognize her extraordinary beauty?

"Granger," he almost snarled, "you are fucking gorgeous. I wouldn't want someone with your filthy blood so badly otherwise." She cringed as if he had struck her. "If you had been a pureblood, I would have worshiped the ground under your feet. You should be grateful that I chose to raise you to a higher station when your place should be in the mud."

Her eyes watered, but no tears fell. Draco felt something that felt almost like sympathy.

Almost.

"Wait here," he commanded. "I have something that will improve your mood."

He left the room, and Hermione collapsed on the vanity stool. She leaned forward and hid her face in her arms.

Why can't I cry? she wondered.

Hermione raised her head and looked at her reflection. Her hair really did look quite lovely. Honestly, she looked like a princess.

Draco returned with a velvet box in his hands. He opened it to reveal an extravagant emerald necklace. Its large jewels were surrounded by diamonds in a star pattern. Hanging at the front was an enormous octagonal step-cut emerald, surrounded by even larger diamonds. He took it out of the box and placed it on her neck. It was heavy, and the multitude of facets refracted light all around them. It made Hermione feel like she was in a room full of twinkling stars.

"It's beautiful," she whispered.

"Beauty deserves beauty, my love."

She smiled, for a brief second Draco saw her completely relaxed and almost happy, but then her brow crinkled and she looked away.

That didn't matter, he thought. She had smiled... and she hadn't told him not to call her his love.

Sunday, May 22, 1998

Hermione was anxious. Not because of the situation with Draco--this was something else. The room temperature seemed perfectly fine, but she couldn't stop sweating. She was nervous and jumpy, even when just staring out the window.

"Love," said Draco, "what's wrong?"

"Don't call me that."

"Don't avoid the question." Draco frowned and grabbed her arm. "What have you been doing to yourself, Hermione?" he demanded.

"Nothing," she replied, trying to pull out of his grasp. "Just a scratch."

"A scratch doesn't nearly break the skin."

Suddenly his face softened, and he crossed the room to sit by the fire.

"Come here," he murmured. "I'll help you." He gestured for her to join him on the rug by the fireplace.

"Please," Hermione pleaded, trying to hold on to the reason this was wrong. She felt so muddled the last few days. "You need to let me go. Staying here does something to me. I'm either losing my mind or I'm sick."

"You're not sick, Hermione," Draco said slowly. "You're suffering from withdrawal. We haven't been intimate since our first night, but only because I know you still view that as an unpleasant experience. You've become confused, and you even think I forced you. You have to know how much we love each other. However, if you sit by me, then I can help you."

Hermione ground the heels of her hands into her eyes. The weight of the jewels pressed heavily between her breasts.

"Malfoy... Draco, please let me go."

Draco looked at her with what seemed like pity. "That isn't possible, and you know it." Hermione hadn't realized that she had walked across the room until Draco was pulling her down next to him. "You're mine," he whispered.

He sat her down sideways in his lap and held her. "Do you feel a little better now that I'm holding you?" he asked.

"A little. I feel calmer, but that's only because your spell is making this happen."

"I see."

"No, you don't. You're obsessed, Malfoy. Just let me go. If you really loved me, then you would know that nothing good could come from this."

He acted like he didn't hear her. "Come," he said, kissing her cheek. "I think it is time for my girl to go to bed. I'll hold you until you fall asleep."

§

Monday, May 23, 1998

When Hermione woke, the first thing she noticed was that her mind felt clearer. She rubbed her neck, realizing that Draco must have taken off the necklace during her sleep. She sat up.

"Good, you're awake."

Draco was sitting in a wingback chair, reading a book.

"I know you raped me," she said without preamble, clutching the bedsheets tightly. "I know that necklace made me forget."

"I didn't rape you."

Hermione jumped out of bed at that. "YES, YOU DID!" she screamed.

"No," said Draco calmly, "I didn't, and I can prove it."

"Like I would ever believe anything you say. You can't keep me under your spells constantly, I will always remember the truth."

"You don't remember the truth, and I can prove it."

"Oh really?"

"Yes, it is called a Pensieve," he said. She took a step backwards. "Come on, I thought

Gryffindors were supposed to be brave,” mocked Draco.

“I just want to know what memory you’re going to show me first.”

“One that I already share with you,” he said, leering at her.

“You bastard!” she cried. Hermione turned to back away and spit at him, but he grabbed her by the hair. He wound the braid around his wrist in a firm grip.

“I assure you,” he snarled, “my parents were most definitely married.” He gave her hair a sharp yank. “Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes,” she whimpered.

Draco dragged Hermione over to the basin and released her, gesturing towards the swirling silvery mist inside the rim.

“Get in,” he ordered.

“Mal--Draco, please,” she begged. “Please don’t make me watch my own rape.”

With a shove, Draco forced her to bend over the basin. The mist dissipated and became transparent. She looked down into it, seeing Draco’s bedroom instead of the bottom of the bowl.

Not wanting to witness what happened, Hermione tried to lean back. Draco grabbed the back of her neck, squeezing it painfully, and dunked her into the Pensieve.

Together, they lurched forward. They were falling through a cold darkness, and before Hermione could scream she found herself sitting at the bottom of Draco’s ornate bed.

Draco, the real Draco, stood beside her with a hand on her shoulder. He was smirking at the scene before them. She watched in disbelief the scene unfolding.

The memory Draco calling her superficial and throwing her on the bed. For a second time, she realized how she wasn’t fighting back and was actively participating.

“You’re absolutely dripping wet, Hermione,” said the memory Draco as he licked the side of her neck and breathed into her ear. Memory Hermione moaned in response when he shifted downward, planting kisses down her stomach and then blowing softly between her legs.

The real Draco lifted Hermione’s chin up to face him as he stood above her. “I could feel the dampness on your thighs before I even touched you. The heat called to me. You’re bewitching when experiencing ecstasy, my love.”

Hermione could hear the sounds of her past self begging Draco.

“Merlin, I’m hard just thinking about how wet you were. How you begged for my cock. I gave you exactly what you wanted, didn’t I?” He pushed her down on the mattress.

“What are you doing?” Hermione asked, startled.

“We’re going to fuck now.”

“We can’t do that here, in a Pensieve.”

He stopped undressing her, a curious look on his face. “Why not?”

“I don’t know,” she sputtered, “but I’m fairly certain that this isn’t how you are supposed to use one.”

He laughed, amused by her adherence to the proper use of magical equipment. “We don’t have to follow any rules, my love. We’re Malfoys, and we always do what we want.”

“I’m not a Malfoy.”

“Yes, you are,” he growled, ripping the buttons off her shirt as he tore it open. “You’re Hermione Malfoy now, and you’re mine, all mine.” He stared greedily at her bared before him. “Merlin, you’re so beautiful,” he whispered in awe.

Hermione wasn’t sure when she had begun to crave Draco’s attentions, but she didn’t try to deny herself anymore.

§

A month later when she found herself pregnant, she had already forgotten ever resisting Draco. He had been so happy when she told him that they were expecting a child, and had given her a new emerald bracelet to match her necklace and earrings.

She rolled over in their bed, smiling as the morning sun falling through the windows caressed her face. Hermione looked into a pair of loving grey eyes staring intently back at her.

“Good morning, my love,” he drawled in a sleepy voice.

“Good morning to you too, love.”

He smiled and caressed her cheek, drawing her into a kiss.

The earrings and necklace kept her from seeing the truth: that his eyes were cold and inhuman, glimmering with amusement. She could only see how, up close, he was even more beautiful, with high cheekbones and hair slicked back neatly over his head, un-mussed during sleep. Hermione longed to run her fingers through his careful styling and tousle his white blonde hair.

Hermione smiled as his head came down and his lips claimed hers.

She moaned slightly as their lips connected, and she was only vaguely aware of the fact that his hands were wandering over her body. Hermione returned the kiss as everything inside her melted, a small gasp escaping her lips as Draco's hand suddenly grasped a breast. He started to knead it, and her arms came up around his neck.

Draco pressed against her as their tongues connected, and the little whimper Hermione let out seemed to egg him on. His hand left her breast and he moved down to cup her buttocks with both palms. He pulled her closer to him, and Hermione was suddenly drawn against the proof that Draco was enjoying this as much as she seemed to be.

"You are the most delectable witch I have ever known," he murmured, breaking their kiss. "Allow me to demonstrate."

His fingers slipped down under her pajama shorts, tugging them down slightly. Hermione's breath shortened as one digit slid down along her slit, her hips bucking involuntarily against his hand. Then Draco added other fingers and began a light rubbing that had her clinging to him desperately.

Somewhere in the back of her mind, Hermione saw the face of a redheaded boy, and her sensible side was trying desperately to call her back from the euphoria so that she could push Draco away because it seemed important. However, Draco's fingers were keeping that part of her brain at bay. As his fingers increased pressure and speed, Hermione could feel an orgasm building, and soon she was cumming into his hand.

Her body slumped against his, and she didn't offer any resistance as he pulled her shorts down to her ankles, yanking them off. He unlaced his own pants, letting his arousal spring free. Hermione's hands slid down his chest, intending to return the pleasure, but he was kissing her again, and her mind was blank with her own needs once more. "I am so proud of you," she heard him say, "you became pregnant so quickly. That pleased me more than anything else." She relaxed into his kiss with a moan, and Draco slid his length along her moist opening before sliding in.

Hermione gasped as he filled her to the hilt, and he let out a growl of satisfaction. She caught a glimpse of Draco smirking as he began to move within her. She flung her head back as his lips and teeth moved to her neck, nibbling and suckling, which was sure to leave marks.

Draco was ferociously pounding into her now, and Hermione brought a leg up, wrapping it around him in an attempt to bring him even closer to her. He grunted at the increased access and thrust in deeper than he had before. She squeaked at the extra pressure, clinging on to him for dear life.

Her orgasm was building up again; she could feel it slowly approaching. But then Draco reached down, tweaking her clit, rushing her into her orgasm as the extra sensation had them both falling over the edge together. Hermione felt his white hot seed shoot up deep inside her, even as she spilled onto his hot length, and her body collapsed against his. They were a mass of sweat and cum, and her breathing was labored to the point that she was gasping slightly for air.

Draco was breathing hard but he looked up, staring her straight in the eye. "I told you," he breathed, "that you are the most delectable witch I have ever known. I waited too long just wanting you. Now I have you."

"And I have you."

He smiled. "What shall we do next?" he asked, rubbing her increasing belly possessively. Hermione practically purred from the attention. It really was the best way to possess a woman: to put one's child in her belly.

"Get up?" Hermione stretched. "Maybe some breakfast."

"Get up? Now? By Merlin's two left testicles!" he exclaimed. "No, witch. We aren't even close to being finished with bedplay this morning," he told her.

She blushed.

He smiled back. Draco had broken her, a child was on the way, and now life was good. He finally had everything he desired.

Epilogue

Twelve Years Later

Draco held a scented handkerchief to his nose and mouth as he walked through the dark stone corridors, accompanied by two prison guard wizards. He was disgusted by the smells coming from the inmates' cells. He shuddered, wondering what kind of vermin lived here as well.

The Dark Lord had reinstated the Dementors as guards in Azkaban, and once again the prisoners behaved like filthy, mad animals. At least they did where Draco was heading. Screams and moans drifted from further down the corridor, deep down in the maximum security wing... where the most notorious of all criminals were housed.

“Stand ready,” Draco ordered the guards as they stopped in front of a thick iron door. Draco sneered, observing the small grate at eye level, and the slot at the bottom that was just high enough for a small tray of food. It was better than the prisoners deserved, in his opinion. “I want your wand aimed at him at all times,” he demanded.

“Yes, sir.”

The guard stepped to the side and wiped some sweat from his brow. He muttered an incantation. The stone wall and metal door shimmered, and were replaced by dark iron bars.

“Hello, Weasel.”

There, still alive, was Ron Weasley. He had survived the Killing Curse, the second wizard in history to ever do so.

“I’m stopping by to give my regards,” said Draco. “Hermione would have too, of course, if she knew you were alive. I’ve mentioned a couple of times that I married your little witch, haven’t I?”

Ron just blinked at him.

“Well, I have. She’s a perfect wife, I might add. Completely obedient. Tomorrow, our son leaves for Hogwarts. We’re both very proud of young Scorpius. Who knows which one of us he gets his brains from. After all, we’re both brilliant. Fortunately, he takes after my looks, thank Merlin. There was a time when I was quite worried our children would inherit their mother’s hair. I’ve paid for the best stylists to get it under control for her, but these flaws are genetic.”

“Children?” asked Ron weakly.

“Why, yes. Hmmm, I guess I haven’t been here since Scorpius’ younger sisters were born. Twins, you know. Vega and Cassiopeia. Can you believe Hermione wanted to name them Rose and Lily? The impudence of that woman sometimes. They’re five now. Oh, and we’re expecting our fourth. Another boy, though this will be our last. Any further breeding and she might lose her figure. Don’t want her looking like your mother, do I?”

The manacles on Ron’s hands clinked as he gave Draco a two finger salute.

“Now, now, Weasel. That’s not very polite.”

“Malfoy, why are you here?”

“No longer calling me a ferret? I thought otherwise for a second, but maybe you’re losing your fighting spirit. My, my. How this place must be getting you down. And to answer your question, Weasel, there are several reasons. Maybe I just want to remind myself of how you lost

everything. After all, it gives me a boost when I'm feeling down. Like I mentioned earlier, our son is leaving the nest. I know a good father shouldn't get emotional about it, but I do. Seeing you here, sickly pale and covered in your own filth, it brings a smile to my face. Hermione is his mother, so as a woman she can and will cry all she wants tomorrow; however, I don't want to embarrass my boy at platform nine and three quarters like some bloody fool."

Draco took a step closer to the bars.

"Maybe I just want to remind you of how I get to fuck that sweet cunt every chance I get. Poor sad Weasel, you'll never get to taste her honeyed cream. That's a shame, but she wouldn't be interested in you now. Just look at the state you're in. She craves my cock like an addict, I made sure of that from the beginning. It's amazing what you can do with a potion, a little black magic, and a grand-sized dose of Stockholm Syndrome. These days, she's only too happy for me to give her a fix."

Ron charged at the bars, but the guard petrified his legs.

"I will kill you when I finally get out of here," Ron growled, trying to free his legs.

"Ah, excellent," said Draco, calmly reaching down into his pocket. "You've brought us to the true reason for my visit. The Dark Lord no longer finds it necessary for your continued existence. Since you were the second person to ever survive a Killing Curse, we were all quite interested in you for a while. However," he said with a slight shrug, "you've become boring to him since then. He'd almost forgotten about you, but luckily I reminded him."

He smirked, then straightened his posture even further while holding something just beyond sight behind the edge of his robes.

"Ronald Bilius Weasley, you were brought to Azkaban after being found guilty of crimes so heinous that you have now been resentenced to death. Your actions as part of the terrorist organization known as the Order of the Phoenix harmed law-abiding, peaceful wizards and witches and were worthy of execution. With much deliberation--and some of my hard-earned Galleons, I might add--the Dark Lord has concluded that you are to be denied the right to live any further. Therefore, for these crimes you have been sentenced to death by execution, in accordance with Ministry of Magic law. Have you any last words before sentence of death is carried out?"

"You can--"

Ron was cut off by the loud bang of a gunshot. Draco blew on the smoking barrel of the pistol and then calmly placed it back in his holster pocket. He turned to nod at the guard.

"You killed him before he had a chance to say his piece." The guard's tone wasn't accusatory.

"I honestly wasn't interested in anything he had to say. Do what needs to be done. You can clean up the mess after I leave."

The guard blinked.

"Well? Get on with it."

The smaller man jumped. "Incendio!" said the guard quickly, pointing his wand at Ron's corpse behind the cell's bars. A dancing orange light jumped from the wand as the body burst into flames. After the fire died down, there was a smouldering pile of ash and bone where Hermione's former love had been.

"By the way, sir, if I may ask, a Muggle weapon?" the guard questioned cautiously as he escorted Draco to the entrance of the prison.

"I didn't want to take the chance of him escaping another Killing Curse," replied Draco.

"Ah. Makes sense. Have a good day, then, Mr. Malfoy. Good luck to your son at Hogwarts."

"Thank you, but a Malfoy needs no luck. We always get what we want."